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FRENCH MILLINERS.



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[BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.
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ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMANITY.

No. XXI.—FRENCH MILLINERS.

MILTON must surely have forgotten himself, when he ventured to give the sanction of his name to such a "vulgar error," as, that "Beauty when unadorned is adorned the most." No such idea is entertained by Beauty herself. Beauty began to adorn herself, when the fair mother of us all stepped into her kirtle of fragrant fig-leaves; and from that hour to this, she has spent two-thirds of her waking thoughts, and fully one-half of her dreams, in considering the great theme of her proper adornment. In truth, Milton's idea may do very well for a poet's paradise or a sculptor's studio, but all matter-of-fact people repudiate it, and unanimously agree, that even a pretty woman looks the better for being dressed.

The whole annals of the human race bear testimony to this "universal truth." With the first woman did millinery begin—with the last woman only shall it expire. Man, ungrateful man, may pretend to under-rate his vestments, and even attempt to bilk his tailor; but woman, dear woman, instinctively true to the all-pervading principle of her nature, will never cut her milliner, as long as she can cut out a gown.

Bearing this in mind, we need not search ancient records to prove the antiquity of millinery, or to traverse the earth to demonstrate the universality of its power. Alike the same in the torrid or the frigid zone, the "ministering angel" of the human race commends herself to her protecting lord and master, by all the ingenious devices of the "art of Eden." Yes, "art of Eden!" For long before "the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ," struck his melodious sounds, or Tubal-cain became the "instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," did Eve ply her graceful needle; and milliners, outrivalling freemasons in antiquity, can truly affirm that their

"primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's fig-leaf breeches."

But a truce to antiquity. Millinery concerns itself far less with that which has been than with that which is; though it lives for ever, it only lives for the day. Some profound thinker says that though man dies, society lives; may it not be said as profoundly, that fashions are evanescent, but millinery is immortal? Yes. Power-looms may drive hand-loom weavers to the wall, and the steam carriage hiss away the waggon; but the "sisters of charity" who, in the arcades of the Palais Royal, or in the glittering saloons of Regent street, build up the "outer man" of drawing room beauties, need fear no cessation of their labours, until—the season closes!

We leave it to the fair and noble editor of "The Art of Needlework" (the Countess of Wilton), to record the whole history of the craft from time immemorial to time memorial. We shall not therefore tell how Anglo-Saxon damsels were clothed, how Anglo-Norman ladies wore richly-ornamented flowing robes, or those of the fifteenth century floated

about with "winged" head-dresses, or dragged enormous trains. The peasantry of Caen, Rouen, &c. (in Normandy) to this day, wear the identical steeple caps with the butterflies' wings, that three hundred and sixty years ago, towered upon the heads of the gentle dames of Paris and London. Addison, in the Spectator, has a pleasant letter on this subject, comparing the steeple head-dress to the *commode* or tower of his day; and following Paradin, tells us, that the women might possibly have carried this Gothic building much higher, had not a famous monk attacked it with great zeal and resolution. "This holy man travelled from place to place to preach down this monstrous *commode*; and succeeded so well in it, that as the magicians sacrificed their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apostle, many of the women threw down their head-dresses in the middle of the sermon, and made a bonfire of them within sight of the pulpit." But we are forgetting ourselves, and instead of abstaining, are absolutely entering into the tempting history of feminine costume. But space would utterly fail us, were we so to do; though we may whisper that "the liquid matter which they call starch," came in during the reign of "Queen Bess in the ruff," whereof Stubbs says, that "the devil hath learned them" (the crusty old fellow means the ladies) "to wash and dive their ruffs, which being dry will then stand stiff and inflexible about their necks," and moreover not being content with this portentous "master-devil ruff," they wore capes reaching down to the middle of their backs, "fringed about very bravely," while their petticoats were of the best cloth and the finest dye, and fringed about the skirts with silk of a changeable colour. We may also add, that in the negligee reign of Charles II. (falsely named the "merrie monarch,") the costume of the ladies became the very reverse of that of their mothers; and that "the starched ruff, the steeple-crowned hat, the rigid stomacher, and the stately farthingale, were banished with the gravity and morality of their wearers." In the middle of the last century, "the enormous abomination of the hoop petticoat," showed itself in all its circular expansion, so that ladies as thin as a whipping-post could scarcely get admission by an ordinary door—which said hoop petticoat, though chased from ordinary life, was not banished from court till the reign of George the Fourth. But the first French revolution, towards the close of the century, metamorphosed the ladies, as it changed the men. "Fashion," says Planché, "ever in extremes, rushed from high-peaked stays and figured satins, yard-long waists and hooped petticoats, into the lightest and slightest products of the loom, which clung round the form, whether graceful or ungainly, and were girded absolutely under the arm-pits. Let those who have laughed at the habits of our ancestors—let the lady patroness of Almack's, who would start back with a scream of horror at the idea of figuring in the wimple and gorget of the thirteenth, or the coat-hardie and monstrous head-dresses of the fourteenth, fifteenth, or even eighteenth century, peep into a lady's pocket-

book or fashionable magazine, of which the cover is scarcely old—let her recall by such a glance the costume in which she paraded Bond street and the Park as lately as 1815 or 20, and then favour us with her honest opinion of the difference between the periods in ugliness and absurdity !”

What shall we say to our engraving ? We fear to spoil what our artist has done by a single word of comment. Here are the “vera effigies” of a Madame Mantalini and her assistant ; and our country readers have a peep into a Regent street French millinery show-shop. Poor things !—they are priestesses at the altar of fashion, but they themselves are also the sacrifices, and are decked with flowers. What agony must they not have endured, in all their adjustments of whalebone, buckram, and flounce !—hair to rack back, ringlets to *gum* down, and gown to *flow*, so that they may appear in the eyes of the votaries the very glass of that fashion they would form ! Alas, poor souls—it is but a poor and perilous life ! Toiled day and night, during the “season,” to gratify all the whims of elegant caprice, they are left, when the birds of fashion migrate to the country or the continent, to all the temptations of that artificial existence in which they spend their lives, while, too often, they have neither the courage nor the means to protect themselves.

ENGLISH SEATS AND SCENERY.

No. III.—KNOWLE PARK, KENT.

PART THE FIRST.

THE ancient Manor House of Knowle, till late a seat of the Duke of Dorset, is situated in an extensive park, near the pleasant town of Sevenoaks, on the western boundary of Kent, and is deeply interesting, not only for its antiquity, and its air of primitive grandeur, but from the memories of the distinguished men associated with its history, and from the possession of many of the celebrated works of art, in which our baronial mansions are now so rich.

The date of erection of the earliest part of the house is unknown. In the time of King John, Baldwin de Bethune possessed the manor, and from him it passed successively to the families of the Mareschals, Earls of Pembroke, and the Bigods, Earls of Norfolk. From the Grandisons and Sais, who next possessed it, the manor passed to James Fienes, a soldier, who had distinguished himself in the wars with France under Henry V., and was by Henry VI. summoned to parliament as Baron Say and Sele. Honours came thick upon him ; he was successively appointed governor of Dover castle, warden of the cinque ports, chamberlain, and ultimately treasurer of England. Lord Say soon after perished in the rebellion headed by Jack Cade, in the reign of Henry VI., after the king's troops had been defeated near his own mansion of Knowle. Having stood a mock trial at Guildhall, in which one of the charges against his lordship was, that he had encouraged printing in England, and ‘built a paper mill,’ the unfortunate nobleman was decapitated by the rebels. The title of Say and Sele is still in the family of Fienes.

In the civil wars, the next lord Say was compelled to sell Knowle to Thomas Bourchier, archbishop of Canterbury. In the sale was included all the “tymbere, wood, ledde, stone, and breke,” then lying in a quarry at Seale, intended probably by lord Say for rebuilding the mansion, and to which purpose the materials were no doubt applied

by the archbishop, “who rebuilt the manor house, enclosed a park around it, and left it (a magnificent bequest) to his successors in the see.”* By two of these, Morton and William of Wareham, the structure was enlarged and beautified. Henry VII. and VIII. both visited Knowle during this period ; and in the reign of the latter, Cranmer gave up the mansion to the rapacious monarch. By Edward VI. it was granted to the protector Somerset, and after his death to the no less unfortunate John Dudley, duke of Northumberland, father-in-law of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey. By Queen Mary it was given to Cardinal Pole, “to have and to hold during the term of his natural life, and one year after, as he should by his last will determine.” The Cardinal dying (and curiously enough, on the same day as his royal mistress) intestate, Knowle again became vested in the crown, and was conferred by Elizabeth on Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, K. G. &c., a son of the unfortunate John, duke of Northumberland, and who is known to history as the licentious favourite of Queen Elizabeth, and the husband of the beautiful Amy Robsart,* whose story will always excite the liveliest pity. By Leicester it was surrendered back in a few years to Elizabeth, and soon after came into the possession of the family to whom till recently it belonged, the Sackvilles, earls and dukes of Dorset, the first of whom in possession was Thomas Sackville, a distinguished poet and statesman in the age of Elizabeth.

Sackville was the author of the first regular tragedy in our language, ‘Gorboduc,’ which was exhibited by the students of the Temple, to which he belonged, and again in 1561, in presence of the queen and her court. He was also the author of several poetical pieces, which first appeared in the ‘Mirror for Magistrates,’ and have been compared in imaginative power, with the divine productions of the great Spenser.

Sackville's talents and integrity of character having gained him the favour of Elizabeth, he was created by that queen, lord Buckhurst, and ultimately became the first earl of Dorset of his family. About 1585, he fell into disgrace with the queen, through the influence of the all-powerful earl of Leicester, but upon the death of his enemy, in 1588, he was restored to Elizabeth's favour, and on Burleigh's death, succeeded him in the office of treasurer of England. Lord Dorset, we believe, died suddenly at the council table, about 1604.

In 1612, when in possession of Richard, the third earl, Knowle was visited in great state, by James I., an apartment in the house being still called the ‘king's bedroom,’ containing a gorgeous bed of gold and silver tissue, which the earl was foolish enough to furnish for the occasion, at an expense, it is said, of £8000, and in which his majesty slept only one night. Soon after, a considerable portion of the mansion was burned down by an accidental fire.

Under the commonwealth, the estate was sequestered by Cromwell, who held a court here (in the present dining parlour) for the purpose. On the restoration, the house and domain were restored to the Sackvilles, in the person of Charles, the fifth earl, the well-known wit and poet of the court of Charles II., to whom we shall allude presently.

Having thus detailed some part of the early history of this fine old seat, we now come to speak of its present appearance, and the grounds around it.

* Hasted's History of Kent.

† She was a daughter of Sir John Robsart, Knt., and there is now little doubt was privately murdered in the house of one Foster, a tenant of the Earl's, at Cumnor in Oxfordshire. See Kenilworth. Lord Leicester subsequently married a daughter of Lord Howard of Effingham.

The house stands in a park, of some five or six miles in circumference, and distinguished for the richness of its pasture, its noble oaks, beeches, and chestnuts, some detached, and others dispersed in broad and clustering masses. The most magnificent tree in the park is a beech, the largest and finest of its kind in the kingdom. It was measured in October last, when its dimensions were found to be enormous; mean height 89 feet; circumference of the stem at the ground 39 feet 9 inches, and the extent of ground covered by the branches 347 feet.

The surface of the park is beautifully undulating, with a brook winding through it, and interspersed with pleasant walks and footpaths. It is stocked with a noble herd of deer, wandering in picturesque groups about the lawns; and the eye of the traveller is alike charmed with the quiet beauty of the grounds, and the quaint old mansion in front, associated with the Says, the Fieneses, the Dudleys, and the Sackvilles. The building is plain but imposing. Two lofty embattled towers guard the entrance, and on either side is an extensive wing. The principal buildings are the great and smaller quadrangle, relieved by numerous towers, the architecture chiefly in the castellated style. In the quadrangle are casts from the 'Gladiator,' and the 'Venus.'

The lofty and extensive gothic hall, 75 feet long and 27 high) with its raised dais, and stained glass windows, &c. in the old English style, will be viewed with great interest, and conjure up scenes of ancient mirth and feasting, and Christmas revels, which are now no more.

There are at Knowle pictures or copies by Rubens, Titian, Salvator Rosa, Corregio, Domenichino, Paul Veronese, Reynolds, Vandyke, and other great masters, which are shown to visitors with a liberality worthy of imitation.

The attention is first directed to a statue of Demosthenes, which is considered one of the finest works from the antique now in England, and the calm and dignified expression of which is given with great effect.

The staircase is not striking, but is ornamented with some curious old frescoes in good taste.

The 'Triumph of Silenus,' by Rubens, is at Knowle. It is one of his most powerful works. "The face of Silenus, so richly inebriate," says a late visitor, "almost ready you could fancy to burst with the purple wine, the satyr leaning over his shoulder, and the general vigour of the piece, make this painting alone worth a visit to Knowle."

We shall first notice some of the vast collection of portraits in the gallery.

'Lady Catharine Darnley,' a natural daughter of James II., by Catharine, daughter of Sir Charles Sedley. Lady Catharine Darnley was espoused by James Annesley, third earl of Anglesey, and their only daughter, Catharine, married William Phipps, esq., son of Sir Constantine Phipps, then lord chancellor of Ireland, and was ancestress to the present Marquis of Normanby.

'James, duke of Hamilton,' killed in a sanguinary duel with lord Mohun, in which both the combatants fell. They had quarrelled regarding an estate left by the earl of Macclesfield, to whom they were both related, and a duel ensued in Hyde Park, 15th November, 1712. The duke is said to have fallen by a shot from general Macartney, lord Mohun's second, the latter falling at the same moment.

Further on, is Maria D'Este, of the house of Modena, the amiable and unfortunate queen of James II. In escaping from the kingdom at the revolution, Mary of Modena was subjected to many hardships. In particular, she is said to have been detained at Whitehall stairs in a tempestuous night, for two hours, where she stood alone and deserted, with the prince of Wales in her arms. She

obtained an asylum in France, where she survived for twenty-five years, universally loved and respected.

A portrait of the celebrated countess of Rochester, of the time of Charles II., is in this gallery; a delicate and pleasing picture.

Lady Henrietta Boyle, the youngest daughter of Richard second earl of Cork, was married in 1663, to Lawrence Hyde, second son of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, who was created about 1683, first earl of Rochester of his family. The earldom of Rochester had just become extinct in the Wilmot family, by the death of Charles Wilmot, only son of the famous, or rather notorious earl of Rochester, the favourite of Charles II. Lady Rochester became an intimate companion of the new queen, the beautiful and amiable Maria of Modena. One of her daughters was Lady Catharine Hyde, afterwards that duchess of Queensbury so long the patron of Pope and Prior.

She is celebrated in Prior's song, beginning

'Fair Kitty, beautiful and young,' &c.

In the billiard room we shall first notice a portrait of an armed knight, said to represent one of the Courtenays of Devon, who fell on the field of Towton, in 1461, fighting for Henry VI. and his heroic queen Margaret of Anjou. Next is a portrait of Sir Kenelm Digby, by Vandyke. Sir Kenelm was a son of the unfortunate sir Everard Digby of Drystoke in Rutlandshire, who was so deeply concerned in the gunpowder plot. He was a literary man, as well as a soldier, and is the author of many curious philosophical works, some of which are still read. He suffered severely under Cromwell, and died at his seat of Gothurst, Bucks, about 1665. His lady, Venetia Digby, was a Percy, and one of the most beautiful and celebrated women of her and time. She was descended of the Percys and the Stanleys, being a cousin of Habington's famous Castara, her beauty has been celebrated by the former in an admired elegy addressed to his wife Castara (lady Lucy Herbert.) "Her picture at Windsor is indeed a vision of perfect loveliness," says Mrs. Jameson, "and those at Strawberry Hill, representing her and her mother lady Lucy Percy, are also very exquisite." Lady Digby's death has some sort of mystery connected with it. She was one day found dead on her couch, her hand supporting her head, as if in a quiet sleep.

In this room are copies of Titian's 'Diana and Calista,' and the 'Diana and Actæon' of Carlo Maratti. Near these are a 'Masquerade Scene,' by Paul Veronese, a 'Cattle Piece,' by Rosa di Tivoli, and an Italian 'Landscape and Fountain,' by Poussin.

Here is Rogers' description of the latter.

"The water from the rock filled and o'erflowed,
Then dashed away, playing the prodigal,
And soon was lost—stealing unseen, unheard,
Through the long grass, and round the twisted roots
Of aged trees; discovering where it ran
By the fresh verdure;
Below and winding far away,
A narrow glade unfolded, such as spring
Borders with flowers, and when the moon is high,
The hare delights to race in, scattering round
The silvery dew."

A copy of Guido Reni's baptism is next. "A young mother, apparently scarce sixteen, has brought her first child to the altar. She kneels with it in her arms, her lovely countenance fixed on the priest. A band of girls, sisters by appearance, have accompanied the young mother, and stand with love and wonder in their eyes, gazing on the face of the child."

In the dressing room are a 'Satyr and Venus,' by Corregio, and a 'Landscape,' by Salvator Rosa. The latter

is striking, and the banditti among the mountains characteristic.

"It is a wild life, fearful and full of change,
The mountain robber's; on the watch he lies,
Levelling his carbine at the traveller; and
When his work is done, he dares not sleep."

Copy of 'Titian's Venus.' She lies asleep on a rich couch, and apparently in her dream, is pressing a rose to her bosom.

Ariosto's mistress, 'Alessandra Strozzi,' by the same painter; a breathing beauty of Titian's. Her dress is black, embroidered over with wreaths of vine leaves and grapes, in purple and gold. Her fair luxuriant hair gathered in a net behind, and fastened in front, falls on either side of her face in long curls, which touch her shoulder.

Another charming picture, is a view of the 'Lake of Thrasymene,' among the mountains of Italy, where Flaminius the Roman consul met Hannibal in his march upon Rome. This little lake sleeps among the mountains, which are hung with shrubs and wild flowers, while the purple mist rises like a curtain, and hangs about the peaks of the Appenines. How beautifully have Byron and Rogers sung of this sweet little lake!

"Far other scene is Thrasymene now;
Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain
Rent by no ravage, save the gentle plough;
Her aged trees rise thick, as once the slain
Lay where their roots are;

And Rogers,

"Many a bench was there
Each round its ancient elm, and many a tract
Well known to those, who from the highway loved
Awhile to deviate."

A recent traveller (Williams) has described it as follows:

"The lovely peaceful mirror reflected the mountains of Pulciana, and the wild fowl skimming its ample surface, touched the water with their rapid wings, leaving circles and trains of light to glitter in grey repose. Yet it was among these peaceful scenes that Hannibal and Flaminius met," &c.

TRADITIONS OF THE DELUGE.*

BY MR. EDWARD WHITWELL.

THE destruction of the human race, in one watery grave, would be an event of such awful magnitude, that it must have left some evidence of its occurrence, in the influence it would exert on the various systems of heathen mythology. The ark by which those who escaped were preserved, would become an object of reverence, and the survivors of the general destruction would be considered by their descendants, a superior race of men, and would at last be deemed worthy of divine honours. The examination into the origin of pagan idolatry, fully confirms the above suppositions, as the researches of Bryant, Faber, and Sir W. Jones, satisfactorily prove.

The circumstances and character of the deluge, would for many years after its occurrence, be an interesting subject of narration to our post-diluvian ancestors. After the dispersion, these narratives would be mingled with fabulous histories, and the more minute incidents gradually forgotten; and as time advanced, unless preserved by hieroglyphical or written records, they would become more obscure, till, in many instances, little was left except the bare fact that an universal deluge had occurred.

* This forms a portion of a paper read a few weeks ago at the Kendal Scientific Association.

The African traditions are of this last description, and we find that the Berbers, or mountain negroes, speak of a universal deluge, and that among the Magazines of Dar-bea, three miles S.W. of Darfour, the history of a deluge is mentioned in their traditions, in which all human beings perished; but they add that the Deity was afterwards obliged to "create mankind anew."

In the migrations of the ancestors of the various nations of the earth, to the territories they now possess, we should suppose that the greater the number who accompanied each other, the more perfectly would the deluge be remembered. We look for more detailed accounts of this event, from the numerous tribes who have settled among the prairies and forests of America, than we do from the inhabitants of the scattered islands of Polynesia, who have descended from the navigators of the misshapen raft or solitary canoe, carried there by the currents or trade-winds of the Pacific;—and though the pressure of present necessities, and the novelty of their situation, would obliterate from their minds much of the knowledge they previously possessed, we find that even they have retained a history of this great catastrophe. We select the narrative of the inhabitants of Raiatea, which alludes to the preservation of the human race. Their account makes the spirit of the waters, Ruahahi, to have been caught by a fisherman's hook, as he was sleeping in the coralline groves of the ocean, shortly after the first peopling of the world. He declared the land was criminal, and should be destroyed. The man implored his forgiveness, and was ordered to go to a small island, while the others were destroyed. Some say he took a friend, with a dog, a pig, and a pair of fowls. The waters rose, the inhabitants fled to the mountains; these were then covered, and all perished but the fisherman and his company, who, as the waters retired, took up their abode on the main island, and became the progenitors of the present inhabitants.

We find in many of the traditionary relics scattered throughout the world, that each nation has arrogated to itself the dignity of having for its founders the post-diluvian ancestors of the human race, and acting on this principle, has pointed out in some parts of its territory the localities of the events these traditions describe. We find that the highest mountain in the neighbourhood is selected, either as the place where the survivors of the flood were preserved, or as the spot on which they disembarked from the raft or canoe. A mountain being described as the place of refuge, may be accounted for by supposing that it is a reference to a circumstance of the flood, the ark resting on a mountain, or that the means of preservation having been forgotten, a mountain would appear the most secure refuge from the diluvian waters.

We find in America many interesting traditions of this class, from which we select the following:—Humboldt states, that when the Tamanacs are asked how the human race survived the great deluge, they say, that "a man and woman saved themselves upon a high mountain called Tamanaeu, and that throwing behind them, over their heads, the fruits of the Mauritia palm, they saw arising from the nuts of these fruits, the men and women who re-peopled the earth."

A more perfect class of traditions ascribe the escape of the survivors to a raft or canoe, of which the following traditions are examples:—The North American Indians inhabiting the banks of the Ohio, have with their account of the deluge, preserved a portion of post-diluvian history; they told Dr. Beatty that one tradition they had was, that once the waters had overflowed all the land and drowned all the people who were then living, except a few who made a great canoe and were saved in it. And that a long time ago, the people went to build a high place; that

while they were building it the people lost their language, and could not understand one another; that while one perhaps called for a stick, another brought him a stone, &c. &c., and from that time the Indians began to speak different languages.¹

The Arrawak Indians, living on the banks of the Essequibo, have a tradition, that the world becoming desperately wicked, was drowned by a flood, and that only one man was saved in a canoe, and that he sent out a rat to discover if the waters had subsided, which returned with a head of Indian corn.

The Sac and Fox Indians give the following curious account of the flood, in which the wicked ante-diluvians are described as giants and evil spirits, and the righteous as men. The flood is ascribed to the wicked "who perished in the attempt to destroy mankind." The Ai-yam-woy, or giants, having slain the brother of We-sa-kah, (or Chief over mankind,) he prepared himself with the great spear, and went with the speed of an eagle, to fight the murderers of his brother. He met and slew them. This occasioned a war with the gods, which lasted for a long time. The gods of the sea, having the great deep at their disposal, resolved upon destroying We-sa-kah and his race, even at the loss of their own lives. A great council, therefore, was called for the purpose, and all the chiefs were assembled, who agreed upon the destruction of the world by a flood. We-sa-kah, hearing of this, fasted for ten days. At the end of the tenth day, his voice reached the Great Spirit, his prayer was heard and answered; and mankind, the beasts and birds, &c. were preserved. Then the waters began to overflow the plains.—We-sa-kah fled before them with his family, until he reached a high mountain. But the waters soon overtook them, and he built a great raft, upon which he put all kinds of creatures, and then let it loose, and so it floated upon the surface of the great waters. After a long time, We-sa-kah began to be sorry, and fasted ten days. At the end of the tenth day, he dreamed that he saw dry land. Awakening out of his sleep, he sent down the tortoise, but he returned without any clay; he then sent down the musk-rat, and he brought up clay between his claws, out of which We-sa-kah formed the dry land. Then mankind and all the creatures which had been preserved were spread abroad upon the face of it. They now lived in peace and happiness, because there were no Ai-yam-woy, nor any spirits of destruction to trouble them, having all been exterminated by the flood.

In the island of Cuba tradition retains an interesting account of the animal that was sent to ascertain the state of the flood: one of the natives told De Cabrera, "that an old man, knowing that a flood was to come, built a vessel and went into it with his family, and many animals; that he sent out a crow, which first stayed to feed on the dead animals, but afterwards returned with a green branch. This tradition mentions many striking circumstances, and the kind of vessel described may be explained by a passage from Howard's History of the Earth. "A native of Cuba said to Gabriel of Cabzera, "Why dost thou abuse me, since we are brothers? Dost not thou descend from one of the sons of him who built the great box to save himself from the waters, and are we not descended from the other?"

The natives of the Mexican province of Mechoacan have preserved a tradition, that when the flood came, "Tezpi embarked in a spacious acalli with his wife, his children, several animals, and grain. When the Great Spirit ordered the waters to withdraw, Tezpi sent out from his bark a vulture. This bird, which feeds on dead flesh, did not return, on account of the great number of carcasses, with which the earth, recently dried up, was strewed. Tezpi sent out other birds, one of which, the hummingbird, alone returned, holding in its beak a branch covered

with leaves. Tezpi seeing that fresh verdure began to clothe the soil, quitted his bark near the mountain of Colhuacan."

* * * *

We now notice the most perfect tradition of the deluge as preserved by Lucian, a native of Samosata, on the Euphrates. He says, "the present race of mankind are different from those who first existed; for those of the antediluvian world were all destroyed. The present world is peopled by the sons of Deucalion; having increased to so great a number from one person. In respect to the former brood, they were men of violence, and lawless in their dealings. They regarded not oaths, nor observed the rites of hospitality, nor showed mercy to those who sued for it. On this account they were doomed to destruction; and for this purpose there was a mighty eruption of waters from the earth, attended with heavy showers from above, so that the rivers swelled, and the sea overflowed, till the whole earth was covered with a flood, and all flesh drowned. Deucalion alone was preserved to re-people the world. This mercy was shown him on account of his justice and piety. His preservation was effected in this manner. He put all his family, both his sons and their wives, into a vast ark, which he had provided; and he went into it himself. At the same time, animals of every species, boars, horses, lions, serpents, whatever lived upon the face of the earth, followed him by pairs; all of which he received into the ark, and experienced no evil from them."—Plutarch mentions that Deucalion sent out a dove from the ark, whose return indicated a continuance of the deluge; but its neglect to return when sent out the second time, or as some say, its return with muddy feet, showed that the waters had disappeared.

We find, from a careful examination of the above traditions, that while some speak of the deluge causing the destruction of all human life, others assert that a few were saved. As we proceed in our researches, we find that though there is considerable diversity in the various narrations, there is on one or two points marked coincidence. The top of the mountain is not only alluded to as the place where a few were preserved, but as the spot on which those who are described as saved in canoes, &c. disembarked from their temporary refuges. On further examination, we observe that many traditions unite in ascribing a cause for the destruction of the human race—asserting that it was owing to men's wickedness having brought upon them deserved punishment from the hand of the Supreme Being. This leads to the inquiry, how was the distinction made between the good and the wicked; and we find from tradition, that a vessel of singular shape has been employed for the security of the righteous. On referring to the traditions that speak of this mode of preservation, we observe that one or two apparently trivial incidents are mentioned by all; this proves that they describe the circumstances which occurred to one vessel; and we gather from this, that all human beings perished except those who were saved in this vessel. The destruction of the human race being proved, several extracts were read from the works of ancient historians, in which it was asserted, that the ark rested on Mount Ararat. It was then stated, that according to works of undisputed authority, the base of Mount Ararat was 8000 feet above the sea; therefore the deluge, which carried the ark to that mountain, must have overflowed every part of the world which did not reach an elevation of 8000 feet above the sea. That the principal objections against the deluge being universal, have been drawn from the examination of countries that do not in most parts rise higher than 6 or 7000 feet; they must, therefore, have been covered by the waters of the deluge, and will afford evidences of

its effects, whether we are able to decipher them or not. That as the grounds on which geologists have formed their sentiments on this event, are no longer tenable, if the preceding reasoning be correct, there is nothing to invalidate the testimony of tradition, that there has been since the creation of man an awful proof of the justice of the Creator, in the punishment of a fallen world by means of an universal deluge.

A STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

CHAPTER III.

ON the evening of the day on which the little fête had taken place, a young man made his appearance in the village, whose melancholy looks attracted the notice of the lady, as she was parting with her visitors at the garden gate. He was about sixteen years of age, and though poorly clad, his decent deportment, fine features, and expressive countenance, could not fail to make a strong impression in his favour. His long auburn hair curled over his shoulders, and his large blue eyes bespoke intelligence and goodness of heart. He was evidently much fatigued, and supported himself with a walking-stick.

When the children had departed, the lady advanced towards him, and kindly inquired the cause of his distress.

"Alas!" replied the young man, who could scarcely refrain from tears, "it is but three weeks since the death of my poor father. He was by trade a stone-cutter, and his loss has reduced his family to the greatest distress. I have a brother and sister much younger than myself, and my widowed mother finds great difficulty in raising the means for our support. One of her brothers has kindly offered to receive me into his house, and teach me my father's trade, so that I may be able to get my own living, and assist my mother in maintaining her younger children. I have already walked twenty miles, and there is still a long journey before me, as my uncle lives at a great distance across the mountains."

The lady, who traced some resemblance between the lot of the poor widow and her own, was deeply affected at the youth's recital. She gave him milk, some eggs, and a piece of cake, together with a little money for his mother. Frederic and Blanche had been early taught to feel for the afflicted, and their eyes were quickly filled with tears.

"Take that egg," said Blanche, "and give it to your little sister, and kiss her for me."

"Here is another," said Frederic; "take it to your brother, and tell him to come and see us; it will make us very happy to share our bread and milk with him."

The lady herself selected an egg, and desired the young man to give it to his mother. "The maxim," she said, "which it bears is the best consolation I can offer her:—

"To those who on his help rely,
In time of trouble, God is nigh."

If she will reflect seriously upon this truth, and make it the undeviating rule of her conduct, she will find that I have not made her a worthless present."

Thankful for the kindness he had received, and refreshed by a night's rest, the youth, whose name was Edward, resumed his journey on the following morning. He had been allowed to sleep at the mill, and the kind-hearted miller had plentifully supplied his wallet with bread and cheese, that he might not suffer from want of food.

His road lay among the mountains, and the path was often steep and dangerous; but his spirits had been so raised and elated by the kindness he had experienced, that he pushed forward, and found himself towards evening only a few miles from his uncle's dwelling. Passing

near the edge of a frightful precipice, he was struck with the appearance of a horse, richly caparisoned, at the foot of the cliff, without his rider. There was something in the manner of the animal which evinced a desire to attract his notice. With his head and ears erect, he neighed and pawed the ground incessantly. Edward was at once impressed with the idea that some accident had befallen the owner of the horse, whom he conjectured, from the elegance of the trappings, to be a person of distinction. After several ineffectual attempts to descend into the valley, he discovered at length the dry bed of a mountain torrent, by means of which he was enabled to accomplish his purpose in safety. Looking around, he discovered, close beneath the ledge of the rock, the squire of some noble knight, lying senseless or dead. His helmet and lance lay upon the ground at some little distance apart, and his doublet was torn in all directions. Taking his hand, and



gently raising his head, Edward was pleased to find that he was still alive, though he attempted in vain to speak. He fixed his languid eyes upon his helmet, and at the same time raising one hand to his mouth, signified that he was suffering from thirst. Catching at once his meaning, Edward took the helmet, and ran with it in search of water. Some willows, which he had observed at a distance, directed his steps to a narrow, winding stream, formed by a spring of the clearest water issuing from a cleft in the rock. Having filled the helmet, he hastened back to the stranger, who had relapsed into a state of insensibility; but he was soon restored to animation, by dashing some water upon his face; and the refreshing draught being raised to his lips, removed the burning fever by which he was oppressed, and revived him considerably.

The first effort of recovering speech was an ejaculation of praise to God for his providential deliverance; "and, under God," he continued, raising himself upon his arm, "my thanks are due to you, my kind and generous friend, for the exertions which you have made to save me from a miserable death. Unless God had directed your steps to this spot, I must very soon have perished with hunger; and even now I am suffering from want of food."

"Alas!" said Edward, "I wish that I had found you earlier. When I began my journey in the morning my wallet was well supplied, but it is now empty."

A moment afterwards he recollected that he had still his eggs; and cutting two of them into slices, he had the satisfaction of witnessing their nutritious effects, in recruiting the strength of his patient. He was about to break a third, when the stranger checked him, observing, that after so long an abstinence, it would be imprudent to eat too freely; and repeating his thanks to God and his deliverer, he attempted to rise from the ground. In doing this he experienced great difficulty, and without assistance would have failed in the attempt; so that finding it necessary to pause awhile before they proceeded on their way, Edward took occasion to inquire the nature of the accident which had brought his new acquaintance into so perilous a situation.

"I have been travelling for some weeks," replied the squire, "in the service of my master; and being overtaken by the night, we fell, horse and man together, over this fearful precipice: the horse received no injury; but I was so severely bruised as to be unable to remount. Indeed it was a miracle that I was not killed upon the spot; and I cannot be sufficiently grateful to the Almighty for my extraordinary preservation, not only from instant destruction, but from the more dreadful death by starvation, which you have been the providential means of preventing. Had not your notice been attracted by that sagacious animal, had you been wanting in that generosity which you have displayed in my behalf, this night must inevitably have been my last. And now tell me, on your part, what is the object of your journey over these rugged mountains."

Edward related all that had passed since his father's death, and the kindness with which he had been treated in the happy valley; producing at the same time the egg which the lady had given him for his mother.

"True indeed," said the squire, as the tears started from his eyes; "true are the words which are here written;

"To those who on his help rely,
In time of trouble, God is nigh."

Can there be a greater proof of this than my present situation? From the depth of this abyss have I cried unto the Lord, and he has heard my supplication. What reward shall I give unto the Lord, for all the benefits which he hath done unto me? May he pour his blessing upon those dear children who gave you those eggs, which have thus been the means of saving a fellow-creature from a miserable death. Be his blessing also upon their mother, who has taught them to pity the distressed, and stored their infant minds with such maxims as this. "Will you permit me," he continued, "to retain this egg, that I may keep it as a memorial of the danger I have escaped, and the services you have rendered me. While I live I will never part with it; and I will leave it to my children, as a convincing proof of God's providential care over those who trust in him. It may be, that this may yet be the means of doing much more good; and when, in after years, my grandchildren shall tell the story connected with it, the motto may comfort some unhappy being, and lead him to place his confidence in God."

So saying, he took from his purse a piece of gold for each of the eggs which he had eaten, and was about to add two more for that on which the motto was inscribed; but Edward did not feel himself at liberty to part with it, as it had been sent expressly by the lady as a present to his mother.

"Had it been mine own," he said, "you should have had it and welcome; and if my uncle thinks that my

mother will not be displeased, you shall have it still."

The day was now declining apace; and in order to reach the boundary of the forest before the darkness closed around them, Edward assisted the squire to mount his horse, and they set forward on their journey.

With some difficulty they passed the ravine and gained the mountain-track which led to the open country. The sun had not yet set, when they got clear of the forest; and Edward observed that in a very short time they would reach his uncle's home. "He is a kind, good man," said he, "and will be glad to receive you under his roof, and to give you that attention which is necessary for your recovery."

Nor was he wrong in his estimate of his uncle's disposition. The honest stone-cutter received the squire with the greatest hospitality; commending his nephew for the part he had acted on the occasion. Edward expressed his regret at being unable to gratify his friend's wish respecting the egg which bore the motto, which he did not think he ought to part with, though he had not hesitated to apply the coloured eggs, which had been sent to his brother and sister, to the relief of a starving fellow-creature.

"For my part," replied his uncle, "I cannot conceive why the eggs you mention, be they red or blue, should be more valuable on that account; but were they made of gold, I am sure they could not have been better employed than in saving a man who was dying of hunger. You have been a brave lad, and have acted the part of the good Samaritan. As to the egg which you scruple to part with, I admire your honesty; but the gold the squire offers for it will be of much greater service to your poor mother, and I will answer for her consent to the bargain. Come, give me the gold, and I will give you change for it in silver. Your mother will hardly know what to do with her riches."

Edward gazed in astonishment upon the heap of silver money which was placed before him. He had never before seen so large a sum; and his uncle, in offering to give him change for his gold, intended to impress more strongly upon his mind the lesson which he had that day been taught. "You see," said he, "that your mother also will prove the truth of the maxim,—

"To those who on his help rely,
In time of trouble, God is nigh."

It is indeed a truth, worth all the gold in the world; and I trust, my boy, that even without this egg to refresh your memory, you will never forget it."

The squire remained some days with the stone-cutter, until his health was completely re-established; and promised on his departure to visit his kind friends whenever he should have an opportunity.

LOVES OF THE POETS.—No. III.

THE ROSALIND AND ELIZABETH OF SPENSER.

IMMEDIATELY on leaving college, Spenser retired to the north of England, where he first became enamoured of the fair being to whom according to the fashion of the day, he gave the fanciful appellation of Rosalind. We are told that the letters which form this word, being well-ordered, (that is, transposed,) comprehend her real name; but it has hitherto escaped the penetration of his biographers. The first development of his genius was occasioned by this passion; but it was not destined to be successful; a rival stepped in, whom Spenser accuses expressly of having supplanted him by treacherous arts. He suffered long and deeply. But at a late period of his life, the remembrance of his Rosalind, to whom we owe some of the most tender and beautiful passages scattered throughout

his poems, was effaced by a second and a happier love; and he married his Elizabeth about the year 1593. She was a beautiful Irish girl, the daughter of a rich merchant of Cork. Spenser died in 1598, about five years after his marriage with Elizabeth.

SHAKESPEARE.

The name of no one woman is popularly identified with that of Shakspeare. At the age of seventeen he married Judith Hathaway, who was eight or ten years older than himself.

SYDNEY'S STELLA.

The Stella of Sydney's poetry, and the Philoclea of his Arcadia, was the Lady Penelope Devereux, the elder sister of the favourite Essex. While yet in childhood she was the destined bride of Sydney, and for several years they were considered as almost engaged to each other; it was natural therefore at this time, that he should be accustomed to regard her with tenderness and unproved admiration, and should gratify both by making her the object of his poetical raptures. She is described as a woman of exquisite beauty, on a grand and splendid scale; dark sparkling eyes, pale brown hair, a rich and vivid complexion, a regal brow, and a noble figure. Sydney tells us she was at first "most fair, most cold." At length, after the usual train of hopes, fears, complaints, and raptures, the lady begins to look with favour on the "ruins of her conquest,"* and he exults in an acknowledged return of love, though her heart be given conditionally,

"His only while he virtuous courses takes."

So far, Stella appears in a most amiable and captivating light, worthy the romantic homage of her accomplished lover. But a dark shade steals like a mildew, over this bright picture of beauty, poetry, and love; even while we gaze upon it. The projected union between Sydney and Lady Penelope was finally broken off by their respective families, for reasons which do not appear. Sir Charles Blount, afterwards Lord Mountjoy, (Sydney's previous most formidable rival,) offered himself and was refused, though evidently agreeable to the lady; and she was married by her guardians to Lord Rich, a man of honour and integrity, but most disagreeable in person and manners, and her decided aversion; from whom in 1605 she was divorced, and soon after married the lover who was the occasion of her divorce, her early admirer Mountjoy, then Earl of Devonshire.

The marriage of a divorced wife in the lifetime of her first husband, was in those days a thing almost unprecedented in the English court, and caused the most violent outcry and scandal. Archbishop Laud, then chaplain to the Earl of Devonshire, incurred the censure of the church for uniting the lovers, and ever after fasted on the anniversary of this fatal marriage. The Earl, one of the most admirable and distinguished men of that chivalrous age, who "felt a stain as a wound," was unable to endure the infamy brought on himself and the woman he loved; he died about a year after. "The grief," says a contemporary, "of this unhappy love brought him to his end."† His unfortunate countess lingered but a short time after him, and died in a miserable obscurity. Such is the history of Stella—she who had received the homage of the two most accomplished men of that time—Sydney and Blount. Sir Philip Sydney, about a year after his engagement with Stella was broken off, married the daughter of Secretary Walsingham, and survived but a short time. This theme of song, this darling of fame, and ornament of his age, perished at the battle of Zutphen, in the summer of his

youth. "He had trod," as the author of the 'Effigies Poeticæ' beautifully expresses it, "from his cradle to his grave amid incense and flowers, and died in a dream of glory."

GERALDINE.

The fair-haired blue-eyed Geraldine, the mistress of the accomplished Surrey's fancy and affections, and the subject of his verse, long lay entombed, as it were, in a poetical name; but Surrey had loved her, had maintained her beauty to all Italy at the point of his lance—had made her famous by his pen and glorious by his sword. This was more than enough to excite the interest and the inquiries of posterity; and lo! antiquaries and commentators went to work, archives were searched, genealogies were traced, and at length the substance of this beautiful shadow was disclosed. She was proved to have been the Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, afterwards the wife of a certain Earl of Lincoln, of whom little is known but that he had married the woman whom Surrey had loved.

Surrey has compressed within the compass of a sonnet, some of the most interesting particulars of the personal and family history of his lady-love. The Fitzgeralds derive their origin from the Gerald of Tuscany, hence

"From Tuscan came my ladye's worthy race,
Fair Florence was sometime their ancient seat."

She was born and nurtured in Ireland.

"Fostered she was by milk of Irish breast."

Her father was Earl of Kildare; her mother allied to the blood royal.

"Her sire an Earl, her dame of Prince's blood."

She was brought up (through motives of compassion after the misfortunes of her family) at Hunsdon, with the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, where Surrey, who frequently visited them in company with the young Duke of Richmond,* first beheld her.

"Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyes."

She was then extremely young, not more than fourteen or fifteen, as it appears from comparative dates; and Surrey says very clearly,

"She wanted years to understand
The grief that I did feel."

But even then her budding charms made him confess, as he beautifully expresses it,

"How soon a look may print a thought,
That never may remove!"

Hampton Court was afterwards the scene of their frequent interviews; here the conquest of the fair Geraldine over the heart of her poetical admirer was completed, and here she gave him it seems some encouragement; too proud of such a distinguished suitor to let him escape. Yet at the same moment that he confesses himself a very slave, he betrays an indignant consciousness of the arts by which she keeps him entangled in her chain. He accuses her expressly of a love of general admiration, and of giving her countenance and favour to unworthy rivals. Yet before we blame her for the disdainful trifling exhibited in his portrait of her in "The Warning to a Lover, how he is abused by his Love," it should be remembered, that Lord Surrey, at the time he was wooing her with "musicke vows," was either married or contracted to another,—a circumstance quite in keeping with the fashionable system of Platonic gallantry, introduced from Italy. (We have no reason to believe that he ever was a candidate for the fair Geraldine's hand.) It must be

* Sonnet 54.

† Memoirs of King James's Peers, by Sir E. Brydges.

* Natural brother of the Princesses; he was the son of Henry VIII., by Lady Talbot.

admitted, that the general tone of Surrey's poems does not give us a favourable idea of the fair Geraldine's manners and character. He exhibits her as variable, coquettish, and fond of general admiration, and he accuses her of marrying twice from mercenary motives.* This is unfair; there is no *proof* that she married from mercenary motives. Surrey was himself married, and both the men to whom she was successively united, were eminent in their day for high personal qualities. Geraldine was so beautiful as to authorise the raptures of her poetical lover. Even in her later years, when as Countess of Lincoln she attended upon Queen Elizabeth, she retained much of her excellent loveliness. There can be no doubt that she was an accomplished woman; the learned education which the Princesses received at Hunsdon, in which she participated, is well known. Her father, Lord Kildare, was a man of vigorous intellect and uncommon attainments for the age in which he lived. The mother of Geraldine was Lady Elizabeth Grey, granddaughter of that famous Lady E. Grey whose virtue made her the Queen of Edward the Fourth. Thus the fair Geraldine was cousin to the young princes who were smothered in the Tower, and may truly be said to have been of "Princes' blood." The Earl of Surrey was beheaded in 1547. The fair Geraldine survived him forty years. The original portrait of her now extant, is in the gallery of the Duke of Bedford at Woburn.

PROPER TREATMENT OF THE TEETH.†

MR. LINTOTT has rendered important service not only to his own profession, but to the public at large, by this excellent and well-written treatise on the human teeth. Decayed or defective teeth are the source of unspeakable misery wherever they exist, and when improperly treated, as they often are, by extraction, stopping up, or otherwise, the misnamed remedy becomes in many cases, a greater evil than the original disease itself.

Mr. Lintott has treated the subject comprehensively, as well as scientifically and skilfully. He has viewed it in all its bearings, and brought philosophy, observation, and an extended professional experience to bear on his positions. Among the points which he has amply illustrated, are the nature and composition of the teeth; their structure, anatomical and microscopic; and the best modes of treatment when diseased or injured. The little work is divided into chapters: those devoted to the consideration of the ordinary diseases of the teeth and gums, remedies against decay, and extraction, are particularly valuable, and ought to be read with attention by all into whose hands the treatise may come. We extract a portion of Mr. Lintott's observations on

REMEDIES AGAINST DECAY.

Those who possess a due knowledge of the importance of complete digestion to their general health, will be anxious to preserve, unimpaired, the uses of their teeth; and could the possessors of a good set of these most useful

organs, by any possibility, experience, for a few minutes only, the annoyances and comparative insufficiency of the best mechanical apparatus which has hitherto been devised to supply their want, how eagerly would they resort in proper time to those measures by which alone they can hope to retain, until old age, the powers of mastication which Nature has so liberally supplied!

In the first place, I would advise my readers that their dentist be well selected. Let not the cry of cheap prices induce them to trust their chance of future comfort to the mercy of a practitioner whose only object is the fee that succeeds his labour, whose only consideration is to plan the means by which he can most quickly transfer that fee to his own purse. The results of true economy are never arrived at by the sacrifice of *quality to low prices*, which at best are merely nominal.

If the teeth be properly cared for and skilfully treated in the first instance, the necessity for artificial assistance will probably never arise, and the expense of it will thus be saved. If the aid of the mechanical dentist be already required, be careful not only that he do his work skilfully and effectually, but that he use the best materials. My readers cannot suppose that any practitioner works for his amusement only; he must have his reward. What then, can those expect to receive who purchase a set of teeth "*mounted on gold*," at a price little above the first cost of the materials from which they *should* be manufactured? ‡

To return to the proper course to be pursued in order to preserve the teeth. It is perhaps of little use to recommend absence from hot condiments, from acids, and from fluids taken into the mouth either very hot or very cold; but all of these are injurious to the teeth.

Brush the teeth well, both inside and out, every night and morning, with a moderately hard brush, constructed with three rows of bristles, standing so far apart that the elasticity of the hair may have its full play. Do not confine this operation to simply moving the brush across the faces of the teeth from side to side, but give it a rotatory, and, as far as possible, a vertical direction, so that the bristles may spring in between the teeth, and free them from the particles of food, and the incipient deposit from the secretion of the tartar glands.

Use also some dentifrice, not of too harsh a nature. Prepared chalk, with a little pulverized orris-root, myrrh, bark, and camphor, aided by a very small proportion of well-pounded cuttle-fish bone, is the best powder that can be used. The colouring matter usually employed does not add to its efficiency, and serves only to stain the lips and tooth-brush.

Have the mouth carefully examined at least once in every three months, in order that any deposit which may have formed may be removed before injury has arisen from its presence; that in case of fracture of the enamel, the rough edges may be smoothed before any lodgment has been effected on them; that if decay should have commenced upon any tooth, (which will easily be detected by the experienced practitioner, long before the cavity becomes apparent,) it may be at once extirpated, and the cavity, if it have so far advanced, be properly and effectually filled up. When this course is followed, a fair chance of permanently arresting the progress of the disease, in as far as the cavity under treatment is concerned, is afforded to the operator; and the operation itself is unattended by pain or inconvenience.

The chapter which Mr. Lintott has devoted to the extraction of teeth, is one which we could have wished, had our space permitted, to have given entire. Having suffered ourselves considerably, and known others

* She was the second wife of Sir Anthony Browne, and the third wife of the Earl of Lincoln, ancestor to the Duke of Newcastle.

† The Structure, Economy, and Pathology of the Human Teeth. By William Lintott, Surgeon, and Mechanical Dentist. With upwards of Forty Illustrations. John Churchill.

suffer more, from the ignorance or recklessness of persons following the dental profession, we can appreciate the value of Mr. Lintott's advice, when he admonishes us not to resolve on the extraction of a decayed tooth, until every effort has been made to relieve the pain by filling the cavity. Not less alive are we to the importance of choosing a proper dentist, when the removal of the diseased tooth is found to be indispensable. We give some of Mr. Lintott's remarks on the

EXTRACTION OF TEETH.

The removal of a decaying tooth should never be determined on, until every effort has been made to fill the cavity, and retain its use; unless, by its presence, it absolutely prevents the curative treatment of an adjoining tooth, or unless an abscess or tumour be evidently forming, and resist all other means of cure. The break in the arch of the teeth, consequent on the loss of one, weakens the whole set.

Those of the jaw whence the extraction has been made, lose the support afforded by *uniform lateral pressure*, as, in the endeavour made by Nature to fill up the gap, the remainder become separated from each other, and quickly assume a straggling and unsightly appearance.

The teeth of the opposite jaw, affected by the loss of their antagonists, will generally rise from their sockets, and become loose; mastication will be impeded, an undue degree of duty will be imposed on those which remain firm, and an untimely disarrangement of the entire apparatus will ensue.

It is an extraordinary circumstance, that an operation which every one justly holds in so much dread, and which really is in itself a very important one, involving a forcible disarticulation of most firmly united bones, should be entrusted to individuals almost or entirely ignorant of the structures to which they are about to offer such serious violence. When it is considered that the ordinarily constructed key, which is so universally employed by such operators, is, in their hands, a most dangerous instrument; (for no one can apply it properly, unless he have previously acquired an intimate anatomical knowledge of the articulation of the teeth;) that the force brought to bear upon the parts is infinitely greater than should suffice to overcome the resistance of the tooth, *if the attempted extraction be one that ought to be persevered in*; and that if the "*fulcrum*" be misplaced by a few lines only, this enormous force is exercised upon the bony structure of the jaw, as well as upon the tooth;—that the least unfortunate result to be expected is the crushing and breaking of the crown of the tooth, with the painful laceration and farther exposure of the already inflamed pulp;—and that probably extensive fracture of the alveolar structure may result, and may be attended by *NECROSIS* of the bone, involving the subsequent loss of many teeth;—when all these liabilities are taken into account, it seems most strange that this wholesale mode of exterminating the teeth should continue to meet with encouragement.

We wish our space had allowed us to go a little farther into Mr. Lintott's excellent treatise, which we ought to have before remarked, is illustrated with upwards of forty well-executed engravings. On a future occasion we may be able to give some further extracts from it. In the mean time, we feel we are doing a service to all—and their name is Legion—who are the victims of toothache, by calling their attention to a work which contains so much important information and valuable advice.

THE DEATHS OF GREAT MEN.

How deeply interesting it is to contemplate the death-bed scene of those whose fame will be imperishable so long as genius is admired, or science, art, and literature cultivated! It is said that Haller, the great physiologist, died feeling his pulse. When he found that he was almost gone, he turned to his brother physician, and said, "My friend, the artery ceases to beat," and died. Petrarch was found dead in his library, leaning on a book. Bede died in the act of dictating. Roscommon uttered at the moment he expired two lines of his own version of "*Dies iræ*." Rousseau, when dying, ordered his attendants to place him before his window, that he might once more behold his garden, and bid adieu to nature. Addison's dying speech to his son-in-law, was characteristic of the author of the "*Spectator*." "Behold," said he to the dissolute young nobleman, "with what tranquillity a Christian can die!" Alfieri, the day before he died, was persuaded to see a priest, and when he came he said to him with great affability, "Have the goodness to look in to-morrow; I trust death will wait four and twenty hours." Tasso's dying request to Cardinal Cynthias was indicative of the gloom which haunted him through life; he had but one favour, he said, to request of him, which was, that he would collect his works and commit them to the flames, especially his "*Jerusalem Delivered*." Clarendon's pen dropped from his hand when he was seized with palsy, which terminated his life. Chaucer died ballad-making. His last production he entitled, "*A Ballad made by Geoffrey Chaucer on his death-bed, lying in great anguish*." Sir Godfrey Kneller's vanity was displayed in his last moments. Pope, who visited him two days before he died, says he never saw a scene of so much vanity in his life; Kneller was sitting up in bed contemplating the plans he was making for his own monument. "I could wish this tragic scene was over," said the celebrated actor Quin; "but I hope to go through it with becoming dignity." Bishop Newton died whilst in the act of setting his watch. Bayle, having prepared his proof sheet for the printer, pointed to where it lay when in the act of dying. The last words of Lord Chesterfield were when the valet, opening the curtains of the bed, announced Mr. Drysdale, "Give Drysdale a chair." Warren observed that Chesterfield's good breeding only quitted him with his life. "Tell Collingwood to bring the fleet to an anchor," were Nelson's last words. "I fear not death! Death is not terrible to me," said Charles the First, when he ascended the scaffold. Sir Thomas More, on observing the weakness of the scaffold on which he was about to die, said to the executioner, "I pray you see me up safe, and for my coming down let me shift for myself."—*Polytechnic Journal*.

AGAINST WORLDLY ANXIETY.

Enjoy the blessings of this day, says Jeremy Taylor, if God sends them, and the evils bear patiently and sweetly; for this day is only ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to to-morrow.

SMILES.

Smiles are paradoxical things. Let any one call to his recollection half a dozen of the most stupid people he knows, and he will find it is the *smile*, which completes the insipid vacancy of their faces. Let him recall the most intellectual and powerful-minded of his acquaintances, and he will admit that in almost every one of them, it is the smile that indicates the finer features of the soul. *Rivalry*, by H. Milton.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CONVICT'S LAST DREAM.

BY THE HON. D. G. OSBORNE.

OH! visions very fair and bright
Are gleaming round the convict's bed,
Where lies the form another night
Will number with the senseless dead.
No sigh upheaves that guilty breast,
No frown disturbs that placid brow;
And scarce more calm his *morrow's* rest
Will be, than that which lulls him *now*.
Glad dreams before the sleeper pass,
Dreams of that long forgotten time,
Whose fairy hues from memory's glass
Had been effaced by years of crime.
Once more, a guileless boy he treads
The dear familiar scenes of home,
By purling stream, o'er flowery meads,
Where once his footsteps loved to roam.
The father's smile, the mother's prayer,
The cherished sister's silvery voice,
All, all the charms of youth are there,
To bid that felon heart rejoice.
Lo! fancy's magic calteth back
Bright vision of those sleeping hours,
Another spot in life's wild track,
Where passion sheds its brightest flowers.
A dark-eyed girl is by his side,
And on the blush which lights her cheek,
His ardent eyes entranced abide,
And read the love she dares not speak.
And round that yet half-shrinking form
The lover now his arm is flinging,
And to those lips so pure and warm,
The lover's lips are fondly clinging.
Joy, joy to him! the bridal morn
That gives him all he loveth best,
In that angelic dream doth dawn,
That dream unutterably blest.
The well-known spire once more doth greet
His eyes, he heareth once again
The village bells in cadence sweet
Ring forth his hymeneal strain.
Ha! he awakes—no bridal bed
Is there—'tis but his dungeon cell,
That bell he hears in frozen dread
Toils not for *love*,—it is his knell!

VARIETIES.

THE RUSSIAN TABLE D'HÔTE.—Every dish at table was served in the Russian style—not less, I dare say, than one hundred, and all peculiar to the country. To make the matter complete, la maitresse d'hôtel, dressed in gold embroidery and diamonds, sat at the head of the table, with her face, neck, and arms, painted like a doll. This sort of painting is a national usage, and has been so ever since Russia was in existence. Our attendants, to the number of forty, were bearded men, dressed in yellow purple, and parti-coloured shirts, tucked up at the wrists, so as to leave half of their arms naked, and without coats or waistcoats. There was a boy who played on the organ, and who for the permission to do so, paid the master of the tavern several hundred rubles a year, which shows how much the tavern was frequented, and how music here is considered a necessary of life. After coffee, a group of gipsies was brought for our amusement, dressed in gold brocaded shawls, tied on one shoulder, and with ear-rings formed of various coins. How beautifully they danced the Bohemian and Egyptian dances! calling to one's recollection the dancing figures of Herculeanum.—*Memoirs of the Princess Dashkoff.*

PURSUIT OF FELICITY.—An anxious restless temper, that runs to meet care on its way, that regrets lost opportunities too much, and that is over pains-taking in contrivances for happiness, is foolish, and should not be indulged. Many run about after felicity, like an absent man hunting for his hat while it is on his head or in his hand. Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict great pain; yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering evils to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an under-growth of small pleasures, since very few great ones are let on long leases.—*Sharp's Essays.*

A LIVELY IMAGINATION.—A lively imagination is a great gift, provided early education tutors it. If not, it is nothing but a soil equally luxuriant for all kinds of seeds.—*Niebuhr.*

THE POOR AUTHOR.—An author who was miserably out at the heels applied to a bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard for employment, who told him that, upon producing a specimen of his abilities, he would do something towards supporting him, as he was in a pitiful situation. "Ay," says the other, "but I would not be supported in this pickle—I want to be taken out of it—and if you will give me a subject to write on, I will convince you that I am worthy of your esteem." "Well, what subject shall I give you?" says the bookseller. "Any subject," says the author, "but that of money or my wife—for I am not master of either."

THE CHARACTER OF AN ATHEIST.—"An atheist," says Butler, the author of *Hudibras*, "is a bold disputant, that takes upon himself to prove the hardest negative in the world, and from the impossibility of the attempt may be justly concluded not to understand it: for he that does not understand so much as the difficulty of his understanding, can know nothing else of it; and he that will venture to comprehend that which is not within his reach does not know so far as his own latitude, much less the extent of that which lies beyond it."

It is said that an illustrious personage recently wrote the following in the album of a lady of rank:—"There are two eventful periods in the life of a woman—one, when she wonders who she will have—the other, when she wonders who will have her. I never had such a wonder at all."

We are men of secluded habits, with something of a cloud upon our early fortunes, whose enthusiasm, nevertheless, has not cooled with age; whose spirit of romance is not yet quenched; who are content to ramble through the world in a pleasant dream, rather than ever waken again to its harsh realities. We are alchemists, who would extract the essence of perpetual youth from dust and ashes; tempt cloy Truth, in many light and airy forms, from the bottom of her well; and discover one crumb of comfort or one grain of good, in the commonest and least-regarded matter that passes through our crucible. Spirits of past times, creatures of imagination, and people of to-day, are alike the objects of our seeking; and unlike the objects of search with most philosophers, we can insure their coming at our command.—*Modern Thoughts.*

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging—alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor.

A pastry-cook at Bologna has produced a very novel substitute for a newspaper. It is composed of delicate paste leaves on which witty articles are printed, not with ink, but with chocolate juice. Thus, after its literary contents are devoured, the reader may devour the production itself.

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